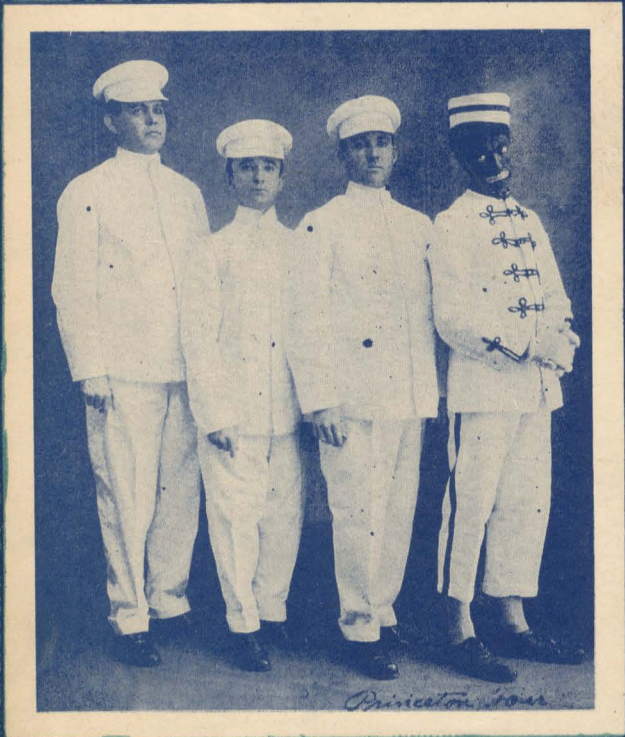


My Summer Moon

by
HERBERT WILLETT



5



STARK MUSIC COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

"My Summer Moon."

HERBERT W. WILLETT.

Moderato.

mf

Till Voice.

p

Sum-mer night, moon was bright,
'Neath a tree, I could see

I was sit-ting all a-lone, in a park, nev-er dark,
Lad and Las-sie mak-ing love, they would spoon, while the moon

where the summer moon has shown. It was June, and the moon
kept a shining from a - bove. Oh, the bliss I did miss;

seem'd to whis-per tales of love Then to the skies I
my sweetheart was far a - way, But I would croon to

ten. turned my eyes and sang to mis - ter moon a - bove: *rit.*
ten. my old moon and this is all I knew to say: *rit.*

CHORUS.

f-p My sum-mer moon just keep on shin - ing

— My heart is pin - ing — for you to shine all the time, You are

mine. Oh, summer moon — your bright light gleam - ing —

— puts me to dream - ing dreams, sweet dreams, my sum - mer

moon. — My summer moon. —
(pause ad lib.)

MY SUMMER MOON. (MALE QUARTETTE.)

5

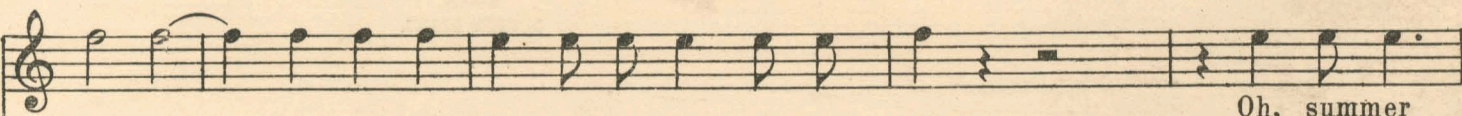
Arr. by Herbert W. Willett.

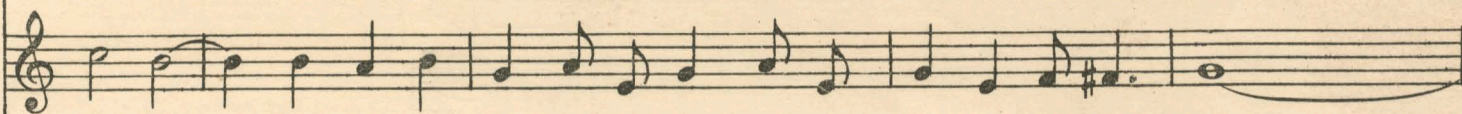
I Tenor 
 My summer moon, my summer moon, just keep on shin - ing, My heart is

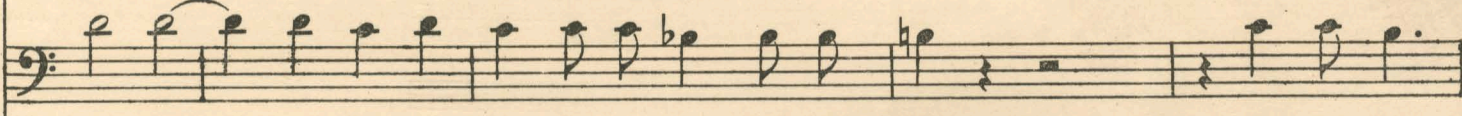
II Tenor 
 My summer moon, my summer moon, just keep on shin - ing, My heart is

Bar. 
 My summer moon, my summer moon, just keep on shin - ing, My heart is

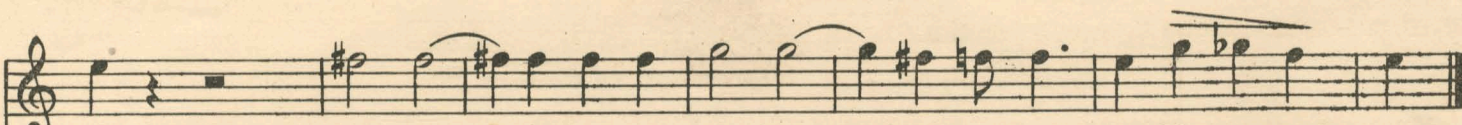
Bass 
 My summer moon, my summer moon, just keep on shin - ing, My heart is

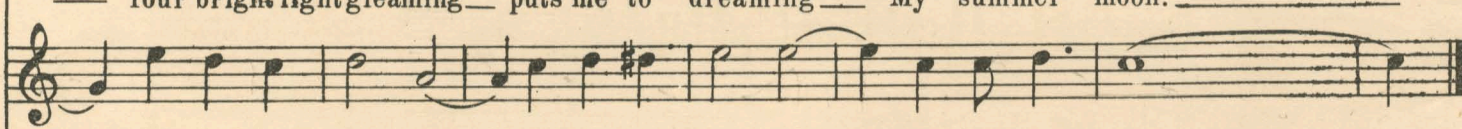
 Oh, summer
 pin - ing — for you to shine all the time, you are mine. Oh, summer moon


 Oh, summer

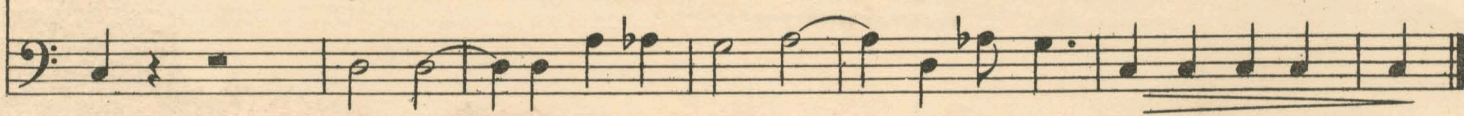
 Oh, summer

 Oh, summer

 My summer moon
 moon, — Your bright light gleaming — puts me to dreaming — My summer moon.

 My summer moon, My summer moon.

 My summer moon, My summer moon.

 My summer moon, My summer moon.

A CITY FAR AWAY.

By Luther Adams

You Can not imagine a sweeter or more pathetic little song than this. The utter desolation that comes over a little tot when she realizes that her mother has gone from her forever, is vividly told and the story is enhanced by one of the sweetest melodies ever written. Ask to hear it.

To Little Marie Adams.

A CITY FAR AWAY.

Words by
CADDIE Mc DONALD.

Music by
LUTHER ADAMS.

Valse Lento.

CHORUS.

mama has gone to Heav - en, A ci - ty far a - way.

con espressivo.

If you will be a good lit - tle girl, you'll go there too some day;

Let not your heart grow wea - ry But run right a - long and play. Your

mama has gone to Heav - en Dearie, a ci - ty far a - way.